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# Blue Beard

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# “BLUE BEARD”

by *Rehana Lerandeanu*

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*“Once upon a time there lived a very powerful lord, the owner of estates, farms and a great splendid castle, and his name was Bluebeard. He was very handsome and charming, but, if the truth be told, there was something about him that made you feel a little uneasy...” — The Tale of Blue Beard*

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We sway against each other  
Like string puppets  
Or carefully hanging porcelain dolls  
Gently back and forth in the breeze  
That has made its way in  
with the smell of lilacs  
Through the cracks in  
the tiny window  
Our cotton dresses frayed and torn  
Hanging in strips of  
patterns of wildflowers  
And stitches coming loose

We sway here together  
In a light, uneven rhythm  
Our blank faces and empty eyes  
Cast in the blue morning light  
Pale arms brush together  
Like cattails on a quiet river bank  
Surrounded by the hum of  
crickets and night owls  
And our jagged toe nails  
Scrape against the cold wooden floor  
Leaving swirling patterns in the dust

Through the thick,  
charcoal black door  
That is splintered and cracked  
And warped with time  
and stale, rancid air  
We hear her light laughter  
As her voice creeps around the frame  
And a dull glow of light  
Is cast onto this secret  
from underneath

We whisper and we sway  
As she pauses at the door  
Her ear pressed against  
its smooth other side  
We whisper flee, fly, don't  
believe his lies  
Whisper as she peers  
through the keyhole  
With a piercing green eye  
Whisper as she tries to turn  
the knob that is locked

As she continues down the hall  
To her room filled with  
bright white light  
Linen sheets and dressing gowns  
Scented oils and incense  
And open windows looking  
out over pale lavender skies

Above soft green rolling hills

We whisper no we cry out  
run in our lifeless eyes  
We shake and we sway  
And she never hears —

Until one balmy summer night  
He'll say in his deep honey voice  
Over a feast of fine wines  
and cooked meats  
As his large crushing paw  
Nimbly fingers a small brass key

Come now, I have something  
to show you, my sweet